

E  
83  
.72  
.D24





Class E 73

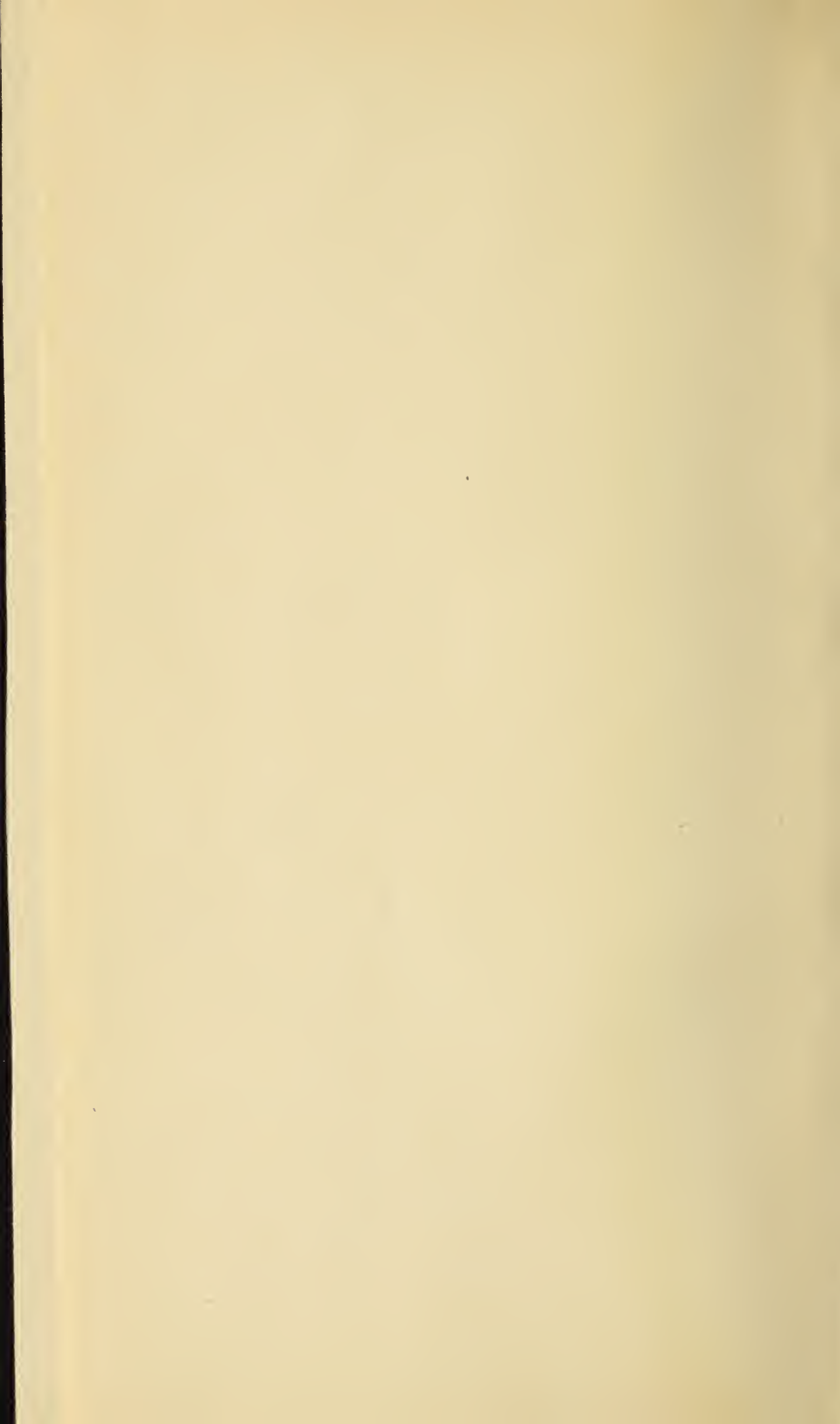
Book 72

. I 24















AN

57157A  
29

# ADDRESS

DELIVERED

ON THE COMMEMORATION

AT FRYEBURG,

MAY 19, 1825,

BY CHARLES S. DAVIS.



PORTLAND :  
PUBLISHED BY JAMES ADAMS, JR.

PRINTED BY D. AND S. PAINE,  
1825.

**TO CHARLES S. DAVEIS, ESQ.**

SIR,

THE subscribers, as the Committee of Arrangements, in behalf of the town of Fryeburg, for the First Centennial Celebration of "Lovel's Fight," with unfeigned pleasure avail themselves of the occasion, to express to you the high sense they entertain of the merits of your Address, this day delivered, at their request, in commemoration of that event; and to solicit the favour of a copy for publication.

With sentiments of high respect,

Your obedient Servants,

EBENEZER FESSENDEN, JR.  
ROBERT BRADLEY,  
STEPHEN CHASE,  
JAMES OSGOOD,  
ASA CHARLES,  
JOSEPH COLBY.

Fryeburg, May 19, 1825.

E83  
.72  
.D24

FORCE  
COLLECTION

## Address.

---

AT the historical period, which we have visited this peaceful spot to celebrate, it was a scene of desperate and mortal strife. Its solitude was pierced by one of the most intrepid spirits, that had been trained, by the severe necessity of the times, to encounter the sons of the forest. This wild region was then awakened by the war-whoop. The green earth sprung up alive with a dark and furious ambush ; and the glen was manned at once by its native garrison. The climate cast its vernal canopy over the serene expanse ; whose bosom was crimsoned with blood : and a fierce, reiterated firing reverberated, to the shutting down of the day, through this spacious and beautiful amphitheatre.

Since that period one hundred years have passed.— Those sounds have long since ceased. Their echoes have died away among those distant mountains. The keen suffering and intense solicitude of that season have subsided. The constancy of that resolute band of martyrs, the brave heart of its expiring leader, the stern agony of defence, the gathering gloom of defeat, and the exhausted gratitude of deliverance, all these have sunk alike with the tumultuous voices, and mingled with the agitating vicissitudes, of that convulsive conflict, beneath the silent mould.

The survivors of the slaughter themselves are passed away. The fires of an hundred wigwams are gone out. The vestiges of the remarkable tribe, whose residence in the vale, which forms the ground-plot of the present village, spread such terror throughout the inhabited precinct of the territory, are now no longer visible. Their tumuli have vanished. Their mounds no longer rise above the level of the soil. The primeval rights to it have been extinguished. Public grants have covered it. The plough-share has passed over it. The country has been cleared up. The woods are again filled with their natural music. The character of the scene has been softened. Sons and daughters, of parents born upon this spot, have been laid beneath the same sod with the settlers; and those of the third and fourth generations—and even to the fifth, have assembled with their children, to cherish the remembrance of that interesting day, by the side of these reposing waters, at the foot of these immense and eternal elevations.

Such commemoration is naturally invited by the genius, and is not rebuked by the religion, of the place. It may be indulged, not only without regret, but even with dignity and virtue. It is grateful to the excited spirit, thus to repair to the living fountain of public gratitude, and to find it flowing with equal freshness in the most retired and romantic recesses of our country. This principle of patriotic sensibility has never been deficient in our national republic ; nor is its source extinguished in New-England.—Wreaths of incense have yearly risen from all its altars since its settlement ; and the anniversary of our deliverance from a foreign yoke has invariably enkindled the enthusiasm of a population, spreading from the temperate zone to the equator, and marching from one ocean to the other.

In tracing the causes of that extraordinary feeling, which so universally pervades the country at the present moment, we are induced to observe, that we have arrived at a period in our history, at which we may proceed to reckon an antiquity of our own. The wheels of time begin to revolve in larger circles ; and events, borne in its annals, to be computed in various cycles. In our progress we have arrived at a point of time, at which a number of these circles seem to converge, as at one common centre. We hardly seem to live in a single age—but several epochs seem to be piled upon each other in the retrospect ; and successive æras rise, in the receding tract of time, like Alps on Alps—to accumulate the moral, and emulate the natural, sublimity of the scene !



Upwards of three centuries are completed, since this hemisphere was discovered by Columbus, and the continent coasted by Cabot. The surpassing beauty of this portion of the country, seen by the early voyagers, at the season of their visits, set off by all the charms of a North-American summer, first gave it the delightful name of New-England. Over two hundred years have rolled away, since the first ineffectual plantation on this side of the Chesapeake and south of St. Croix was attempted, under high patronage, by a small colony from England, which set up the red cross of St. George at the mouth of the Kennebeck. Since the forefathers landed at Plymouth two hundred have recently elapsed ; and more than half that period has expired, since the first race of their descendants, and the second succession of emigrants to this new world, have fallen asleep.

Again—the approaching jubilee of our national independence has been just proclaimed. Half a century has already been performed since the true epoch of the revolution. The last month our brethren in Massachusetts attended the invigorating commemoration of that event, on which the first blood was shed in battle ; and the first blow was struck by the country. That condensing stroke resounded through the continent. It was heard across the Alleghany. Another Lexington started into existence from the echo ; and a new empire spread, as it were from that point, over a space, then barely serving as a camp for a party of American hunters.

The next will witness the fiftieth anniversary of our national Thermopylæ;—of that eventful pass in our revolution, at which the first great stand was made, in strenuous defence of liberty ; which virtually determined the question of independence, by putting the mettle of the American yeomanry to the test against the undaunted burst of a British Army ; and proving its native spirit against the tempered steel of a valour and discipline and martial prowess, signalized in the long and brilliant campaigns of Europe.

An antiquity of two thousand years has consecrated the classic institution of a public solemnity, in praise of those, that have sacrificed their lives in fighting for their country ; upon the appropriate idea, that they, who had proved their virtue by action, by action should be honored. Marathon was made the monument of all those, who fell upon that ground ; and inspired the sublime apostrophe to their spirits. The remains of the first, that were slain in battle, were gathered after the war was over ; and an eulogy was pronounced by an accomplished statesman, which no period has eclipsed. The model of that celebrated funeral service has been preserved by the faithful muse of history. The grandeur of Greece—the genius of Homer—the palminess of Athens—ancient fame and late renown—the honour of those, who fell, and the happiness of those, who survived—the past, the present and the future—poetry, philosophy, prophecy combined to lend their captivating variety to the occasion, and embraced the enchanting topics of that powerful eloquence, which electrified the country.

An evening shadow rests upon the revolution. Its higher points are touched with a parting glory; which the piety of the present age is anxious to preserve. Time is impressing a severe relief upon the battle of Bunker-Hill;—slowly impairing the heroic remnant, that stood shoulder to shoulder, upon that memorable eminence, against the shock of arms, emblazoned by Agincourt and Blenheim, and more recent triumph upon the heights of Abraham;—whose bold but unequal masses braved the billows of war, like those basaltic columns, which are only broken at last by the irresistible and overwhelming surge of the ocean. On that noblest swell of earth, which the Atlantic sweeps, a shaft shall rise, that shall shine to future times with the lustre of that day, to which it is devoted; and stand a pillar of light to sea and land. Among the consoling rays, which still linger above the horizon, one scarcely declining orb will reflect its splendor on the affecting scene. New-England will gaze with admiration upon the illustrious veteran, who comes to the present generation, like the canonized shade of some former age—reaching to the verge of chivalry—who embarked for these shores nearly half a century since, as it were to crown the discovery of this new world, by aiding to redeem it from that unrelenting oppression of the old, to which the original discoverer himself became a victim: and has now returned to these climes, mellowed by the westering light of liberty, to rekindle in the bosoms of the sons the holy flame, which glowed in the breasts of the fathers; and to enjoy the harvest home of their common sufferings and sacrifices.



The presence of this distinguished benefactor has entered into the spirit, the politics, the morals, and infused itself even into the genius and literature, of the United States. It has given a tone to the national character ; and has vindicated the moral sentiment of American society. It has served to exalt the union in the eyes of Europe ; to raise its scale of self-respect ; to increase its permanent power ; to fund a debt, which cannot be cancelled ; redeem the name of republic from reproach, especially the gross imputation, to which it has been accustomed ; and send to the heart of that excellent individual a satisfaction, with which no other measure of expression could compare. He is carried through the country on the shields of the whole people of the confederation ; and is enjoying perhaps more perfectly, certainly with more purity, than any person ever before experienced, the living apotheosis of a nation's gratitude.

The present occasion may not perhaps aspire to excite a strong contemporaneous sensation ; yet is it never the less sacred to the present spot. It is not one, that reminds us of the scenes of the revolution ; but it carries us back to an earlier season of provincial story. It bears relation to some of those simple incidents in the chronicles of a precarious period, and revives the memory of one of those tragical events, that are treasured in the annals of tradition or lamented among the tales of elder times, like the massacre of the Greeks at Priene, of the Scotch at Glencoe, or of the French in Florida. The scenes of these events, entwined with numerous associations,

frequently connected with important consequences—are naturally consecrated by the attachments of future inhabitants. There is a charm in cherishing these memorials, already embalmed by your recollections, upon the plains of Fryeburg. The occasion is not destitute of interest here; and its attraction shews, that it is not entirely local.

Amid this scene of faithful and elevated sensibility, these fair spread glades and groves, now flushing with the first influence of the year, and brightened with the genial beams of arts and letters, in the centre of this thriving and thronging hive of industry and animation, it may be difficult for the mind to revert to the actual condition of this tract of territory a century ago, or even to fancy ourselves upon the spot, where our forefathers fought, and, in the phrase of sacred writ, played the man, valiantly, for their country and posterity. But let this congregation imagine itself withdrawn, as it will be, when this period returns—let the face of nature again be covered with the same deep forest growth—abstract our thoughts, as far as possible, from all the active associations of this advanced stage; suppose, that for a circle drawn around us with a radius of fifty miles, there was not even the log-hut of the American woodman; let this wilderness be re-peopled with the same principles of wild, but impassioned, power and unenlightened intellect; restore the native and repel the foreign population—let the wild beast again inhabit the jungle; strew the couch of the savage with cedar, shingle the roof of his cabin with birch, and spread out his camp in the pleasantest part of

Pequawket ; let us shut our eyes for a brief space to the scene before us—and this day's pomp departing, each, in his own solitary spirit, contemplate the state of this territory, an hundred years ago.

It will be remembered, that so late as the commencement of the last century, the population of this eastern extremity was gathered in groups upon the sea-coast, and cautiously seated on the sides of rivers, with a slight and scattered connection through the wilderness : while its frontiers were besieged by the native tribes ; which issued from their interior fastnesses, to beset our outposts and make incursions upon our settlements. In this disposition to harrass the English inhabitants, they were stimulated not merely by a sense of injury and a thirst for vengeance, but by the policy of a foreign power and the influence of a subtle priesthood, operating with united force upon the spirit of superstition, as well as love of enterprise. Among these political missionaries, who, with all their devotion to the interests of the Indians, never suffered themselves to forget they were sons of France, was the learned Jesuit Ralle at Norridgwock. The celebrated Count de Castine, spoken of with distinction by Voltaire and Raynal, had figured in the service of his sovereign, among the flower of the French nobility, at the head of a regiment. This extraordinary military adventurer emigrated to America to connect himself with the tribe at Penobscot.

Congenial, as it may be considered, to the refinement of a more peaceful and easy age, to extenuate the atrocities of Indian warfare, and visit the blame of

aggression exclusively upon our ancestors, there are at least some shades in their situation, liable to be overcharged ; and there are certain traits, which ought not in justice to be omitted. It will not be forgotten, that their position in this country had become a fact, entirely independent of their own volition ; uncontrollable by them without evacuating it. Their condition was one, which prescribed its own relations to the predicament, in which they were placed ; fairly affecting them with no more responsibility, than exists in regard to any portion of our population. Here were our fathers born, and their children unto them, and they found themselves with their families environed by those, whom they had never been taught to regard in any other light, nor found to possess any other character, than savages. It will not be denied, that their circumstances subjected them to the hard necessity of self defence ; a right or rather a duty, the limits of which it is not always easy to define ; and never so difficult, as at the moment of danger ; presenting a question, moreover, upon which it is easier to speculate in the closet, than to determine on the spot.

Barbarous again, as Indian warfare may be in any case, there is no form of it, let it be noted, more inhuman, than that of making use of the native force, as auxiliary to the European. The difference is immense, between employing such a force on this continent for offensive and defensive purposes. An invading army, landing on these shores, brings no precious charge of wives and children to be exposed to the horrors of Indian warfare. Let it be remembered,



that the terrible precedent, of employing an Indian force against the peaceful security of domestic life, never originated with the Anglo-Americans. The French establishment in the neighboring province of Canada commenced the infernal practice ; and when our mother country became altered to us, and her eye was averted from her offspring ; and when not only the natural affinities between us were reversed, but even the common charities of our kind were converted into furies ; *these* were justified as the means, which God and nature had put into her hands ; means, characterized by an ardent apologist for the unsophisticated Indian, in the admirable recital of our colonial sufferings, as involving an indiscriminate massacre of all ages, sexes and conditions. The murder of the unfortunate Miss McCrea, and the destruction of the lovely village of Wyoming, were foremost among the cruel commentaries upon that most alienated and unnatural policy, of letting loose the merciless Indian Savages upon us—their descendants, which the government of England adopted, with such inconceivable alacrity, from the example of France.

The terror inspired by these sudden incursions, and sometimes nocturnal assaults, of the Indians, thus easily spirited, and often marshalled, by active and vindictive foreign agents ; the scenes of consternation they produced at such spots as Deerfield and Dunstable, and Dover, at the previous period that has been referred to, were such as were never before experienced in any form of civilized society ; and such as no tales of fiction can exceed ; and no power of description will

ever be able to parallel. Persons, still living, remember the times, when the Indians were lurking around the scites of our present seaports; when our husbandmen were obliged to go armed to their daily labour in the fields, and to public worship on the sabbath. A few scattered block-houses, formerly occupied as garrisons, erected to guard the objects and pledges of faithful affection, suddenly startled into these coverts upon the wild and frantic alarm of danger, still remain in different parts of New-England, to attest the condition of that age, and awaken the curious inquiry of the traveller. The cruelties practiced by the savages in these onsets, the tortures which they inflicted on their captives, their sufferings, dragged through the wilderness to Canada, sometimes in the dead of winter, where their footsteps might be tracked upon the snow with blood, until they were ready to lay down upon its cold bed the intolerable burthen of existence, are delivered to us with simplicity, though not without sensibility, by the narratives of contemporary historians. "As the milk white brows of the grave and ancient," says one of them, "had no respect shewn, so neither had the mournful cries of tender infants the least pity. Mothers were exposed to the most excruciating barbarities, enough to convert the most stoical apathy into tears of mournful sympathy and compassion." Amid all these lacerating causes, continues the same sincere historian, who relates the occurrence we commemorate, that took place the year before his death, *the interest of New-England lay bleeding!*

It was to seek out one of the most annoying nests of those neighbors—to demolish the mountain aery of one of the most false and ferocious of these foes, and to put an end to the pernicious alertness, of which the country below had such fatal experience, that a small expedition set out from the vicinity of Boston, under the guidance of one of the most keen and determined provincial captains, to penetrate these highland wilds. It was to prevent that work of destruction, which was continually impending. It was to save the sleep of the cradle from being waked by the whoop of the savage, and the ashes of their dwellings from being slaked by the blood of their inhabitants. It was to perform the sacred duty of defending those habitations against assault by day and surprise by night, at a less appalling distance from their homes.

The Saco Indians were spread through the valley, that pours its streams into that river. This was their principal station. The first traveller, that ascended the White Hills, in 1642, found at their foot, about this distance from the sea, a town of two hundred families. After the treaty of Ryswick, which placed the French on the other side of the St. Croix, a considerable reservoir was drawn by them from all the tribes of Maine, and established at St. Francois. These served as conductors, to bring down the remoter tribes, like clouds charged with lightning, from the lakes ; This was part of their chain of communication. Here was their resting place ; where they found guides to their scouting parties. This was the point, at which to strike home—the height, to girdle the baleful tree.



An Indian war commenced in 1723, called the three years war. In the spring of 1725, the country was full of rumours of great numbers of Indians coming down upon the frontiers ; and reports prevailed of several companies being about to advance against them. A religious solemnity was observed in the month of April, to invoke the protection of Providence. A general impression was made throughout the community by the well known facts, attending the marching of this expedition. The issue was awaited with eager and intense expectation : and it is a circumstance, as well supported, as it is capable of being by testimony ; for which no solution has been suggested, except that influence of the marvellous, still predominating among the soberest minds, like the visionary superstitions of Scotland ; that the story of the action, was actually current, without any sensible variation, at a considerable distance from the scene, before it took place.

On the evening of the seventh of May, old style, 1725, an hundred years ago yesterday, this forlorn hope, diminished by a detachment left at the Ossipee, after having performed a toilsome march, emerged upon the margin of this fair sheet of water, then the favourite haunt of the formidable tribe, inhabiting the bend of the Saco. Unusual noises, in the course of the night, rising round their camp, if their ears did not deceive them, excited the vigilance of the watch, and prepared them for the peril of the approaching day. As the morning sun ascended above these majestic heights, the figure of one of these children of the wilderness, discovered by the discharge of his musket, was discerned



upon a point. Supposed to be stationed as a decoy, his fancied self-devotion has been resembled to the Roman ; but time has thrown no certain light upon his posture. After the devotional service of the morning, the solemn and united resolution was taken by the whole company, concerning the course, prescribed by duty, on that critical emergence. ‘We came out to meet the enemy ; we have all along prayed God we might find them ; we had rather trust providence with our lives ; yea, die for our country, than try to return without seeing them, if we might ; and be called cowards for our pains.’

Being here to refresh the general recollection of the ensuing scene, a summary sketch, of the prominent incidents of that painful day, may not be deemed inappropriate to the present occasion, nor unacceptable to those, who are now reclining undisquieted among those shades, where the slaughter went on, and the smoke of the sacrifice ascended.

It happened, that Lovewell’s march had crossed a carrying place, by which two parties of Indians, commanded by Paugus and Wahwa, which had been scouting down the river, were returning to their residence. Having thus fallen upon his trail, they lurked in rear, watching a favourable opportunity of attack. The company, expecting to find the enemy in front, deposited their packs in an open space, enclosed by a pine wood, to expedite their advance in the direction towards the point. The Indians being thus enabled to count their number, and ascertaining their own to be more than double, lay in wait, in the wood, for their return.

At this period, Lovewell had the misfortune to receive a fatal wound from the Indian, whom they met with, and shot on his way back. On their counter-movement, the ambush rose, exhibiting a horrid front, and, uttering hideous yells, rushed upon them with impetuosity. The shock was sustained with firmness, and the assailants were repelled with spirit. The conflict at this crisis was furious and desperate. Many of the Indians were slain, and the advantage inclined in favour of Lovewell; until the fall of that gallant leader, with more than a fourth of his little force, the two next in command being severely wounded, and the third slain by his side—the Indians endeavouring at this moment to surround and overwhelm them, made it expedient for them to retreat to the verge of the pond.

Here a number of natural objects served to form a sort of partial fortification. A sand-beach, fenced by a range of trees along its ridge, was protected by an inlet winding around the point, sometimes dividing it from the bank; which was thickly covered by a low growth;—and a rude breast-work of rocks arose at the west of this welcome strand, answering about equally the purpose of defence and annoyance.

In this position, flanked, and at the same time enfiladed, by the opposite projections, with the water at their back, they were penned up for slaughter, and exposed to a continued and destructive fire, from the commanding points and coverts. In this desolate condition, far from the frontiers, remote from all chance of relief, destitute of all resource, save in their own courage, there remained no alternative but to main-

tain the struggle to the last extremity. Signals were in vain held up for them to surrender—The superior officers being disabled, the youngest took command of the shattered force, and stirred up their courage to renew the engagement with the animating assurance, that ‘the day should yet be their own, if their spirits did not flag.’ A single determination inspired the breasts of all, *to die rather than to yield!* The shouts of the savages were answered by their manly cheers; and for the space of ten hours, without succour or sustenance, they continued to support their steady resistance, with inflexible fortitude and perseverance. Feats of heroic courage and deeds of romantic daring distinguished the action. A single combat took place, upon personal challenge, between one stout champion of the party and the noted chieftain of the tribe, in which, after deliberately washing out their pieces, the red chief fell by the surer fire of his antagonist, delivering his own against the sun. While the Indians were performing a pow-wow over the departed Pequawket, or engaged in solemnizing the choice of a successor, a gallant and dexterous exploit was executed by the commander, in company with the same that had slain the sachem, in which the most prominent person in the ceremony was levelled by the leader. The chaplain, a young Cambridge graduate, greatly beloved by all for his excellent parts and performances, encouraged them equally by his exhortation and example, until he was mortally wounded about the middle of the afternoon; from which hour he failed not to pray aloud for their preservation. By the blessing of providence the



faithful spirit of this indomitable handful was crowned with success. Towards evening, the shouts of the Indians, disconcerted and diminished by this determined resistance, began to cease, and their fire to slacken; and about sunset, the remainder retired, yielding the honor of the well-fought field, without availing themselves of those trophies, which they never omitted to tear from the slain, when they were successful. Being thus left lone masters of the battle-ground—but in no condition to pursue their dubious advantage, the exhausted survivors, towards midnight, drew off the remnant of their slaughtered force, leaving their dead upon the shore, and obliged to abandon their dying.

As the moon arose over the lake, they took up their melancholy line of march by its waning light—leaving among the sufferers, the second lieutenant, with a couple of loaded muskets, which he requested, to enable him to give them some account of the closing scene, if they should perchance be within hearing on the following day. Accordingly when they had gained some distance on the ensuing morning, two reports were heard in that direction; and afterwards a third in succession; after which all was silent. At about the same distance, probably less than two miles from this spot, they were compelled to part from their other lieutenant, with the chaplain, who perished upon this plain, bequeathing it the name of Frye. A favourable air wafted a canoe, to which one of the wounded had committed himself, a number of miles, until he reached a shelter; and from that period repose began to settle upon the surrounding scenery of Lovewell's Pond, un-

disturbed for a long time, except by one or two armed parties, which followed from New-Hampshire and Massachusetts, to perform the sad funeral office over the unburied remains of their brethren, and swell the the last solemn and affecting point of war, that arose within these woods. Traces of blood were then fresh upon the field; and the names of those they piously covered with earth, carved upon the trees, were visible, as late as 1784.—Contemporary narratives of the action have come down to our day, intermingled with traditions. Pilgrimages were made to the spot, within the memory of the living, by those who related the occurrences, which are thus brought down to our own ears, with the faithfulness of oral testimony. A generation longer lived, than the human, the venerable growth of an earlier century than the last, hath also borne a faithful record of the action; and the marks of the battle are still to be traced on their ancient, though falling, trunks. A not less interesting memorial of the engagement is exhibited in the subsequent opening and settlement of this beautiful section.—This was the last, and one of the most bloody battles, remembered in our Indian history. It was not without its immediate benefit in breaking up the tribe, which was much diminished by it, and the survivors soon evacuated the country; and joined the colony of their brethren at St. Francois. The nation at Norridgewock was extinguished the year before; and the Indians never after ventured on any general hostilities in this quarter; although they long continued to haunt the new objects, which they found rising up near their

favourite resorts, sometimes with more, and sometimes less, peaceful visits—and the successive defeats of Braddock, St. Clair and Harmer, in the west, revived at intervals, upon a larger scale, the recollection of those terrible ambushes, in which the aborigines were ever accustomed to overwhelm the invaders of their retreats. From this period the country began to enjoy the repose, so essential to its improvement and prosperity. In fifty years the ministrations of religion were established in this place ; and for the rest of the monuments of that event, cast around your eyes !

When we reflect on the circumstances of the engagement, the deliberateness, suddenness and violence of the onset, it might seem surprising, that any trace of it should have been preserved, except among the Indians themselves ; and it may serve perhaps to shew the ruinousness of its result to them, that scarcely a single fact has been derived from that source. The survivors, belonging to Massachusetts, after enduring the extremest hardships, on their return, received the honours and rewards of the legislature ; which also made suitable provision for the widows and orphans. Some of them lived to see the light of the revolution : and the heroic veteran, who was entitled to the second honours of the fight, at the end of one half a century, mounted his white horse at Lexington, to give a specimen of the skill he acquired in this campaign.—Whatever measure of merit may be attributed to the action upon a modern philosophic estimate—whatever cause the angel of mercy may find, to drop an oblivious tear upon the record—no fastidious, nor fantastic, ethical



refinement forbids us, to breathe over the memories of those who perished, the strain of praise, that was poured in the impassioned eulogy, pronounced by the eloquent organ of Greece, at the height of her glory. 'In this just defence, these victims of their own valour, defying the destruction that threatened, courageously fought and died. This fatal catastrophe to their gallant enterprise is the surest proof of their patriotic self-devotion—commencing in their lives, and sealed by their deaths. Justice accords the meed of honour to those, who have made this sacrifice for their country; although inferior in every other virtue, besides that of valour. This last desert effaceth all infirmity. Not one of them was tempted to shrink from danger by any private allurements; not one was rendered less lavish of his life from any earthly inducement. One master passion swayed their souls—the ambition of overcoming their enemies. Regarding this as their duty, they marched boldly to their object, rejecting all secondary considerations. The uncertain good they had already grasped; what their minds shewed them plainly must be done, they trusted their own courage to achieve; thinking it more glorious to die in defence of their cause, than to yield and live. From the shame of cowardice they indeed recoiled; but presented their bodies, unshaken, to the shock of battle; when insensible to fear, triumphing in hope, in the dubious strife they nobly fell; and thus discharged the debt, that brave men owe their country!'

---

\* Thucydides. Book II.

Evanescent, as such an affair may seem, through the long vista of a century, and almost excluded by the overwhelming interest of recent events, it may serve to mark the advance, that has been made in the career of social improvement within that space of time, to look back and reflect upon the importance attached at that day to a movement of no more apparent magnitude. Diminutive, as it may now have become in comparison, the security of a large extent of territory, now covered by three considerable states of the Union, was deemed as in no small degree depending upon its result. And among the peculiar circumstances, characterizing this commemoration, it may be interesting to advert to the situation of this region at a time, when the presence of a single tribe of Indians, hardly larger than those, which preserve their present positions at Penobscot and Passamaquoddy, could strike such terrour to the hearts of thousands, and spread such trouble through the breasts of the community ;—and to scan the vast change its condition has undergone, since the time, when so much was considered to be at stake upon the issue of an expedition, composed of a body of persons hardly more numerous, than are now employed in the summer, camping among our forests, or driving our rivers, in the spring and fall, for timber. Such an event, it is obvious, is not to be measured by its own dimensions, so much as it is to be contemplated upon the scale of its general consequences. It affords one of the million illustrations of the progress of the grain of mustard-seed. Certain it is, the result had no small influence upon the future welfare of the country.



It is but to follow on a few steps,—to the time, when the stroke of the axe succeeded the charge of the musket—when the sound of the shuttle was heard instead of the hatchet—and the morning—noon—and evening sound of the bell to swing from the neighboring spire, over the surrounding space of country—then a mere cheerless waste of wood and water, a wild and trackless territory ;—and casting your eyes around in every direction, you behold a large and prosperous population, inhabiting two contiguous and important States, of which the present spot is almost the connecting link ; you behold towns and villages, schools and colleges, mills and manufactories, academies and churches—water power—mechanical power—mental power. All these monuments arise to enrich and ornament the interior ; while the busy marts of commerce stretch along the sea-shore—their piers covered with bales of merchandize—the sea swelling with the sailing and returning canvass—temples rising in all our towns—and light-houses glittering along the coast. Our modes of defense are in the mean time changed from garrisons within to guards without ; and our principles of self-protection reversed from forts upon the frontier to fleets upon the ocean. Our forests are descending down our streams to transport the treasures of the soil, overshadowed with the thunders of our sovereignty, to the remotest sections of the universe.—

Not high raised walls nor battlements  
constitute our safe-guards, but free institutions formed,

religion dispensed, justice administered, the influences of order felt almost without its sanctions, like the gentle showers of heaven, and men—"high-minded men"—discharging the functions of government—these are the present ramparts and securities of our social system. By a recent developement of the internal powers of self government, in full accordance with the organic will of the nation, and in strict conformity with all the moral rules which bind society, the improved principles of social order have been re-established in this community, long poising on the point, and late arrived at the period, of political maturity; and which is now enjoying the free exercise of all its municipal faculties, in their full plenitude and vigour.

While we thus indulge ourselves in the grateful contemplation of our present prosperity, let us linger for a moment to reverse the tablet, and enquire what has become of the Aborigines? Where are the thirty tribes, that once ranged unrestrained within the present boundaries of New-England? Where are the ancient Abenakis of Acadia? Where the Norridgewock, or the numerous nations, that once possessed these broad domains under the general denomination of Tarateens? Where are those, that speared the salmon in these streams, and chased the deer through these shades, and frequented the fairest portions of Maroshen for their food or their delight?—Where are the leaves of the forest, that fell last year? The White Hills remain, but the red men are gone. These tribes have long since become extinct, with but few and feeble exceptions;—or if there runs a drop of their

blood in human veins, it wanders abroad to enrich some other soil, like the waters that turn away from the Atlantic, and fall into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or wind their way to the western ocean. If we would look for the native on this side of the Alleghany, where his ancestors once were sachems, we may see him blanching beneath the influence, or blenching before the power, of civilization. Its terrible spirit has pronounced over him a paralyzing spell, or waves him away toward the wilderness with an enchanter's wand. Or if it has breathed the milder accents of philanthropy, and spoken to him the benignant language of the gospel, and the aborigines have begun to redeem their condition from barbarity by pursuing the genial arts of agriculture ; and to taste the blessings of a new state of society, we may see them on the point of being expelled from their grounds, thus endeared to them by new associations, and about to bear the bones of their ancestors across the Appalachian mountains—bound beyond the Mississippi and Missouri, to lay their burdens at the foot of the Rocky Mountains ;—or to migrate still farther beyond the valley of the west, towards the setting sun, and the region where he may rise no more.—Wherever they are, a sense of their condition comes over them—like a cloud—and the most melancholy forebodings, respecting the future destinies of their race, fill their most intelligent and prophetic spirits.—That this depopulating principle has seized upon the very vitals of the aboriginal population, is as certain and perhaps as fatal, as that which is annually extending its ravages

over the Campagna of modern Rome. The deep crimson glow of the human complexion is vanishing away from the face of animated nature, like the colour of the evening sky. That rich red vein, in the fertilizing bosom of the earth, which ran alike through South and North Virginia, is rapidly exhausted.—‘We are driven back’ said an aged warrior, resting against a decayed oak, ‘until we can retreat no farther. Our bows are broken. Our fires are extinguished. In a short time the white people shall cease to persecute us—because we shall cease to be!’

It cannot be denied, that there were rights to the soil, older than those of the Plymouth Company, the Waldo Patent, Sir Ferdinand Gorges, the Twenty Associates or the Ten Proprietors. And it never has been questioned, that this right was in the Aborigines. The broad arrow of Indian sovereignty was traced upon these trees. The moral sense of the present age is too strong to insist, that these original rights have not been in some respect violated; although it may be true, that a great proportion of the native title has been extinguished with innocence and integrity. The Indians, again, had some arts for the enjoyment of life; and we now see only the ruins, or the remains, of a state, whether of nature or of society, that was sufficient for the enjoyment of a large portion of human happiness. Here they gathered the green boughs upon which they slept; and were refreshed by the same fragrance, that had regaled their ancestors for ages. Here their fires had burned for centuries. Here they raised their corn, and spent their second summer.



This was once the home of Watanummon, and perhaps of Adiwando. This spot, which barely covered the bones, was the fair patrimony, of Paugus ; and here on the bare earth—perhaps

By too severe a fate—

he lay, weltering in his blood. Although a cruel and merciless enemy, when his passions were roused by inflicted or imagined injury, or excited by Canadian artifice, the dark chief was not without his redeeming virtues. At other times he had hunted and slumbered by the side of the comrade, from whom he received the fatal bullet. Paugus might justly appeal to any man, if he ever came to his cabin hungry and cold, and he gave him an inhospitable reception. Lovewell was himself a bold and keen-scented hunter ; and the winter before had performed a daring and desperate exploit upon a body of Indians, lying around a fire, by a frozen pond. That was not his first, nor his only enterprise that season. The Pequawket revenged it. The son of the mountain and the mist found the scourge of his race at the throat of his retreat. He saw no beam of peace upon the prospect—nor gleam of refuge in the valley. But his heart knew no fear. He would not turn upon his heel to save his life. *Who is there to mourn for Logan !*

It would be unbecoming to dwell upon the painful circumstances attending the present situation, the degraded condition and melancholy apprehensions of the Indian tribes, to awaken unavailing sensibility, or with any other view, than to affect the sense of public duty. The European has no more right to reproach us with

the condition of the Indian, than he has to taunt us with our descent from those, who enslaved the African. The English themselves, as well as the French and Spanish, are the authors of these distressing anomalies in our relations to both of those unfortunate races, which it has not been in our power to overrule, and the opprobrium of which they have ungenerously—nay, basely endeavoured to throw upon us. It was even to the benevolent Las Casas, the evangelist of his age, that we are indebted for the institution of slavery, in order to alleviate the oppression of the American Indians; and the philanthropic spirit of Fenelon might in vain attempt to find a cure for this corruption of the blood. But it is not for us, to contract any voluntary addition to our vast responsibility. Let us not accumulate the maledictions of the innocent Indian upon those of the injured African. All Europe resounded with cries upon the breach of public faith, and morality, and religion, when a community professing the christian faith, was suffered to be expelled by the Ottoman power from the coast of Asia, by virtue of stipulations, to which some of its potentates were party—and history has already recorded, among the crimes of the present age, as the sympathy of christendom has been excited by the story of, the Evacuation of Parga. The Indian is subdued—He is no more a savage. We have obliged the aborigines to pass through the Caudine Forks. We have no right to violate the capitulation, unless we can restore them to the condition, from which we conquered or allured them; and the penetrating eye of public

justice, which carefully inspects the proceedings of our young republic, will watch with extreme jealousy any new conventions, infringing the reservations already guaranteed. It was the benevolent policy of the patriarchal founder of Pennsylvania, which has been pursued thus far with good faith by the federal government, to improve the condition and promote the comfort and happiness of the Indian tribes. By the Treaty of Alliance, concluded with the Delaware nation at Fort Pitt in 1778, while the revolutionary war was still in progress, it was contemplated to establish an Indian State, with that tribe at its head, on terms of admission into the confederacy, upon a co-ordinate footing, with a right to representation in Congress. Though this benevolent plan was frustrated by causes, not perhaps unlike those, which embarrassed the whole policy of confederation, and the project never was, probably never will be, renewed, it was one of the first cares of the national government, after its new organization, to secure to the Indians all the practicable benefits of the compact, considering them as colonies within our own bosom. And with the administration, that commenced the present century, may be said to have begun a policy of social improvement for the Indian tribes within our limits, constructed upon the purest moral principle, in a spirit of direct regard to their well-being. A dignified citizen of the south, whom the good wishes of all his fellow citizens follow into his graceful retirement, suggested a plan for producing a perfect interchange of all the circumstances of their social condition ; and the last

accents of our late paternal chief magistrate were those of an anxious father for the adopted children of the nation.

But it cannot be concealed, that the aboriginal degenerates under the process, which is prescribed, not less for our own peace and protection, than for the improvement of his social condition. Civilization itself is but an expedient for our own security, that deprives the Indian at once of half his virtues, as it robs him of all his power—And when we have spoiled these children of nature by the arts of society, when we have unfitted them for the life of the forest, shall we send them to wrest the game from the hardier hunter of the west, already inflamed by encroachment—to venture a competition of title with the elder tenant of the shade? And what security can they have, that the same foot of the white man shall not press upon their retreating steps; and they be obliged to yield their cultivated farms, at some future period, perhaps to reward the veteran services of American riflemen? And if all the guarantees, that we can give, must fail at last—if the stricken deer must go into the wilderness with the fatal arrow fixed into his side—if the irreversible curse of the mariner's compass has, in earnest, come upon the Indian, and his final extermination is the inevitable condition of civilization—and this be the law, either of our nature, our society, or our republic—if one cession, after another, must be made to the peace of the union, and we must compromise again the rights of humanity to preserve a spirit of harmony—the best expiation we can make, the only



atonement we can offer to the spirit of the Indian—a spirit, perhaps, more sinned against than sinning—if the case admits of such compensation—is by successfully seeking to superinduce a more perfect system of social happiness, than he is providentially qualified to participate; and for that purpose to unfold all the intrinsic capacities of our situation, and to promote all its essential principles of virtue, liberty and justice.

It cannot be conceived, that the noble and extensive region of North America was intended for the Esquimaux—or appointed to be wandered over, like the Desert of Arabia. As the bounties of nature could not be exhausted by a sparse and unsettled population, its migratory hordes could never have been designed to appropriate the bestowments of a wise and benevolent providence.—The compass requisite for the chase of a single hunter, suffices to support a thousand cultivators of the soil.—May it not, again, be deemed, that the reflux wave, which first ebbed from the Levant—and undulated through the Archipelago—around the Pillars of Hercules—and spread along the coast of Europe—was eventually destined to wash the shore of America?—and that here a finer foundation for social felicity should be laid, than Asia had enjoyed—a more beautiful form of society reflected, than Europe had ever beheld?

It may seem, that after the accomplishment of that extraordinary advent, which had been contemplated throughout the east—affecting the moral constitution of mankind—towards the period of the Roman power, a prophetic expectation arose of some fortunate

discovery in the west.\* This anticipation, which can hardly be considered poetical or indefinite, gradually expanded into a grateful vision of finding a more fresh and favourable field, than Europe or Asia afforded, for a prosperous experiment upon the principles of civil order, and the means of social happiness. The idea of some fair-spread region of this description, far over the sea, presented itself in dreams by day to the philanthropist of the old world,—to console him for the darkness of ages, that had clouded down upon the auspicious dawn of christianity—where law should be level with liberty, and authority tempered with equity, and government administered with purity, simplicity and economy !

These were problems, for which no satisfactory solution had been found. Society had suffered from too much regulation. Nature had not been trusted enough to her own sagacity. Education had not been raised to its proper height, nor expanded to its true power. The principles of natural and universal law were pressed down by feudal and ecclesiastical institutions.—These were enigmas, which Europe could not explain. The rights of mankind had there been defrauded. The hopes of humanity had there been frustrated. No fruition had been found for the finest aspirations of philanthropy—no consummation of the

---

\*————— Venient annis  
 Sæcula seris, quibus oceanus  
 Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens  
 Patent tellus, Tiphysque novos  
 Detegat orbes ; nec sit terribis  
 Ultima Thule.

fairest results of philosophy. Nothing was comparatively realized from the long teachings of example and experience. No permanent progress appeared to have been made in the general career of social improvement. No effectual barrier seemed to be raised against the calamitous recurrence of another furious inroad—from a barbarian cast of population, distinguished by no complexional variety—such as the teeming north was ever ready to pour down upon the milder climes of christendom.—Again, and again, had it burst in upon the spreading bounds of civilization—like trade-winds towards a region continually rarified by the sun, from a source, of which the elements are never exhausted—overwhelming the establishments of society, like a tornado—burying the monuments of art and genius, and blackening the horizon with smoke and ashes, like some terrific eruption of a volcano—such as has covered cities under the crust of ages, alternately tormenting the world with a vain desire to recover the past, and irritating the pride of science by the astonishing revelation of what was before supposed to be new.

If there was no sure defence from assault and invasion without, neither was there any security against corruption of the principles of society within. In government, it is very true, there was little to be corrupted; and when a combined movement was made to establish in England, what Hampden and Pym, were about embarking to enjoy, with Cromwell—in America, its promoters could neither find competent security for their own virtue, nor set up any adequate bar against the reaction of arbitrary power.—The

proper time therefore appeared to have arrived for making a new experiment ; the most interesting and important, unquestionably, in all its circumstances and relations, that the world ever witnessed. A new scion was to be sent forth ; and inoculated into a strange stock. Fresh blood was to be taken from some of the purest arteries in Europe ; and poured into the veins of a young society, begotten, as it may be said, in the old age of the world.—‘ I like,’ says Bacon, ‘ a plantation in a pure soil ; that is, where people are not displanted, to the end to plant in others ; else it is rather an extirpation, than a plantation.’ In this new process a favoured race may appear to have been selected ; like that, which was chosen, in the second stage of the world, to restore its primary condition—*this* to be the repository of the true principles of liberty, as *that* was of the pure elements of religion—and before which the native population was destined to recede and give space, by the operation of natural causes, without precipitate results, and without inspiring any apprehension of its re-appearance to embarrass the execution of the project.

The geography of America has been pronounced by one, who has investigated the philosophical connexion between natural and political causes, favourable to freedom. But it cannot be said, that the continent was discovered, or colonization commenced, in any deliberate design to establish its principles. The great magnetic point did not so soon acquire its true polarity. An ulterior object of the voyage gave to the first discovery the name of West-Indies. The colonies



were bred and treated like silk-worms, whose industry is not for themselves. They were sent to cultivate the sugar-cane and tobacco-leaf; and in due time doomed to prepare the cotton-plant for the market of their task-masters. America was held, as an appurtenance to Europe;—and her arrangements were all projected on the same model of colonial monopoly, as the East-India, Hudson Bay and North-West Companies. But by some interesting filiation—

There's a Divinity, that shapes our ends.—

The colonial condition is now acknowledged to be the chrysalis of independence. The only El Dorado is to be discovered in the simplest form of government. To the visionary pursuit of gold the world may be indebted for the science of liberty, as well as chemistry—and free institutions may be said to have been found in following the fur-trade and the fisheries.

The free and glorious spirit, that has gone abroad, throughout the country, may well invite to a refreshing memorial of all the causes, to which we owe this national feeling. The true genius of our institutions invites, at all seasons, a constant recurrence to their first principles. To judge of the progress, which these principles have made, we need only cast our eyes back a century, or two, to contemplate those abuses of them, from which our ancestors fled, and contrast them against the first results of those free institutions, which they founded.

It is true, that a natural solicitude, concerning the great experiment, weighed upon the first founders of our free government; and its lively corner-stones



were not laid, without many prayers and supplications. The experience of the period, subsequent to the revolution, when the pressure of peril was relieved, and the danger of subjugation determined, did not leave an entirely satisfactory impression on their minds. The *Dii Minorum Gentium*, the gods of the smaller states, were averse to a predominating power to be exercised over local pride and ambition, on behalf of the whole people of the union; and the apprehension of disorder, to result from the imperfection of its bond, arose coeval with the first form, in which it was organized. The portentous fact, moreover, was presented to them by the faithful hand of history, that pure democracy had always failed, in some degree, of sufficient virtue to preserve its principles from corruption.—Hence, the morning, noon, and evening song of 1788 was anarchy—the danger of anarchy, rather than despotism.

That there may not have been, in advance, an absolute confidence accorded to the essential principles of republican government, demanded upon so broad a scale—that there might have been some doubt concerning their efficacy for self-preservation—that some scepticism may have been originally entertained relating to the combination of sufficient virtue, with the intelligence of the community, to secure its own political existence, and vindicate at once its liberty and justice—may not be deemed altogether incredible.—It is not unnatural to suppose, that apprehensions of this kind should have forced or infused themselves into some of the fairest minds and purest spirits in the country. If they fastened themselves, for a while,

upon a portion of the virtuous and patriotic—if they seized upon the vigorous authors of our constitutional commentary—let the remembrance rise before the nation, of the sacrifice, that was offered to redeem its faith, and discharge the debt of the revolution—of the zeal, that was devoted to rear the fabric of the federation—and the labours, that were exhausted to organize the resources of the union—and how they were straitened, until it was accomplished—and let the prayer come up before the country, that was uttered over the hearse of him—the earliest—the only one of that illustrious number, whom it mourns—‘pardon that single error in a life devoted to your service!’

The Dangers of American Liberty were afterwards descanted upon with extraordinary enthusiasm. An idea was propagated, that it was altogether untenable;—that we should pass, in the usual descent, from one degree to another;—that we were destined to be the victims of successive factions, the last of which should be the worst. It was even predicted, that republican institutions would only last, as long as white birch stakes; and that the sap would rot still sooner. Democracy, in fine, was represented as a region, flashing with the flames—and ringing with the ruins—to which it was devoted!

It is a curious circumstance, mentioned by a sagacious historian, whose philosophical temper and toryism detract nothing from his testimony;—that there is scarcely a single maxim in *The Prince*, which subsequent experience has not entirely refuted. The reason is assigned, that the observations of Machiavel

were confined either to the furious tyrannies of antiquity, or the petty disorderly principalities of Italy—and that although a great genius, he lived at too early an age, to be a good judge of political philosophy.

A deep solicitude for the republic undoubtedly possessed the soul of a departed patriot, to which heaven imparted all the ardour, though providence has denied the inspiration, of a prophet. The sacred office, which he assumed for the sake of his country, was sustained with a fervour, a power, a purity and an enthusiasm, which plead trumpet-tongued, in favour of his fame, at the bar of his country. True, he shewed his *dark speech* upon the harp. The strain, in which his spirit ranged through his country's destiny, varied through all the modes of mortal eloquence—from the most distant note, that ever came upon the ear, at eventide along the mountains—swelling with the richness of some seraphic lyre among the stars—until it burst upon the ear with the choral harmony of the spheres.—Not like Laocoon, or the sister spirit of Cassandra, fated to be disbelieved in his day, and to leave his predictions recorded in the disasters, or found to be inscribed upon the ruins, of his country, his mission more resembled that of a scripture prophet, dispatched to denounce the conditional judgments of heaven, to be averted either by the virtue of the people, or the intercession of the messenger.—It may perhaps be allowed, that he wanted faith in the genuine principles of popular government. Constitutional causes may have combined with the moral impressions of ancient and modern history, to produce upon



his mind a deep despondency, concerning the fortunes of the republic ; and their perpetual pressure may have united with a brilliant imagination to invest the subject with supernumerary horrors. Perhaps he was one of those, that are induced by their very spirits to despair of their race—who would have entered the gates of paradise itself with a melancholy forboding, that they were soon to close upon them again forever ; and who are excluded by the infelicity of their frames from the immortal enjoyment of reposing with confidence upon the inherent—impulsive—tendency of society towards perfection. It was probably his propensity to dwell too deeply upon the diseases and decays of the social system, without allowing sufficient scope for the operation of its latent, internal energies ; or refreshing his faith sufficiently from the consoling sources of its rich and restoring and regenerating principles—and the glorious auguries resulting from all the material and moral analogies of the universe.

If it was the opinion of AMES, that this western world was unfit for democratic government—it was simply his persuasion, that the democratic principle was too good for man—and that the successful administration of a republic demanded angels to be constantly ascending and descending. But his philanthropy was undiminished, although it disposed him to increase and strengthen the artificial expedients of social security, rather than to place an implicit trust in the natural impulses of the human heart. It is impossible to pursue the course of his productions, and



not perceive a pure flame of patriotic love and ardour for his country, constantly ascending up to heaven.—Let us not fail to do justice to his purity, therefore, while we do not cease, day and night, to disprove his prophecy—and listen to the solemn strain, as to the warning voice of a departing friend.—His fame is the fair inheritance—as his life was the property—of his country. And all those mysterious figures—

Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe,—

which he has wrought into the wonderful web of his country's destiny, may still remain to enrich the embroidery, or are capable of being removed, by a gentle and classical hand, without impairing the texture, or violating the delicacy, of the drapery.

The original apprehension inspired concerning the constitution undoubtedly was—not that it was not strong enough, for the purpose of power—but that it was not powerful enough, for the purpose of liberty.—Time at least was wanting to establish its principles. Hence, meanwhile, its friends inclined to take bonds of fate.—But it is vain to seek in the positive structure of society for those securities, which must depend in the main upon its spirit. Who shall take care of the keepers? What shall we do with the fire, when it seizes the extinguishers? Where shall the powers of art be applied, when the springs of nature cease to play? The spirit of a people cannot be perfectly enshrined in the specific form of a constitution. The success of any system must depend forever upon the healthy action of its natural principles.

In a great country, which enjoys a freedom like our own, it is plain, that the simplest institutions for concentrating the ideas, and exerting the energies, of the whole community, are the most suitable. The principles of society themselves, in the first place, lay at the foundation, and give efficacy to the operative principles, of government.—There is much truth, if not originality, in the reflection of a fine and liberal mind, that, what we are accustomed to regard as political order, is in a great measure, the result of the passions and wants of man, combined with the circumstances of his condition ; or what is in other words the wisdom of nature—all acting in such beautiful subserviency to her suggestions, as to raise the idea of original arrangement. The natural tendency, that exists in every society, which, in consequence of the general spirit of its government, enjoys the blessings of tranquillity and liberty, is so strong as to overcome many powerful obstacles, which the imperfection of human institutions opposes to its progress. The greater portion of political disorders do not proceed from the want of foresight in the framers of political constitutions, rendering their prospective provisions too general, so much as from not paying sufficient regard to the operations of those simple institutions, which nature and justice recommend. The superiority of political wisdom consists, not in encumbering the machine of government with new contrivances to obviate partial and accidental inconveniences, but in gradually and silently removing the obstacles, which disturb the order of nature, and according to the ex-

pression of Addison, *ingrafting upon her institutions*. There is moreover, an intrinsic principle of health, a *vis medicatrix* in the social system, and especially in the political, like the human, when the general constitution is sound ; the virtue of which we may be apt to ascribe to artificial causes, when it frequently serves to disguise and correct their ill effects\*. To these just and liberal considerations, may be added reflections arising from the character of our federal system ; namely, the powerful influence of a gravitating principle to bind and preserve its members in their spheres ;—and the silent, sublime, celestial mechanism, which serves to remedy any irregularity of their planetary motions.

We have entered upon a sober experiment, how far the simple moral principles of society are competent for their own political preservation ; and the problem is yet to be solved, how far the expedient is practicable for reconciling authority with liberty. The extraordinary idea, that a whole people is not competent to the office of self-government, goes to the root of our system. Popular power is the basis of all our institutions ; and the general weal is managed by a simple organization of the sense and reason of the community, manifesting its general will. The notion, that a people has not the faculty of self-controul, is a solecism. It would argue a defect in the moral constitution of mankind ; if it did not amount to an impeachment of the wisdom of providence. It would seem to shew, that man was unfit to be the subject of moral

\* Stewart's Elements—Vol. I. chap. 4, sec. 8.

government; and serve to shew the absurdity of all government. It would be matter of singular reflection upon the state of political society, if the wisdom of the whole should prove less competent to its management, than the wisdom of part.

By giving to public opinion an absolute and audible representation, and by placing a more responsible and emphatic reliance upon the presiding sense of the community—by giving that scope and activity to its instincts and operations, which are derived from free institutions alone—by bringing home to the business and bosoms of society the immediate consequences of its determinations, or causing them to be felt in their remotest bearings—that sense is quickened, corrected, cultivated—disciplined;—caution and prudence are inspired; and all its faculties summoned in vindication of its principles.—No system possesses such self-repairing resources;—none is so little liable to explosion, as one, where the safety-valves are always open.

As a fact, in the first instance, that nothing can resist the real power of the people—as the faith of the whole community, that nothing ought to be above it—as a point settled equally in the theory and history of our system, it is the part of wisdom to improve, and of patriotism to vindicate, the principle. Such a circumstance in our condition, is not merely to be tolerated, as an unavoidable evil. It is to be cherished, as a positive good; and the absolute irregularity of its action is entitled to be treated, as ‘the progress of a generous and powerful principle to perfection.’\*

\* Burke’s Letter to Sir H. Langrishe.



The prevalence of an opposite idea, at whatever period, or under whatever circumstances, it may predominate, is simply sapping the foundation of our free system, which rests on public sentiment solely. Its perdition, can, in any event, only come from the abandonment of its principles; and the destruction of the popular faith in them is but an ill omen of their justification. Patriotism is never allowed to despair of the commonwealth. To redeem the true principle of self-government, therefore, from misapprehension and perversion—to rescue it from corruption and reproach—to drag up its drowning honour, at any extremity—and restore it to its central position, like the heart of the human, or the grand refulgent orb of the solar, system—these are ends, which it can be no inconsistency to compass—no imputation to imagine.—It is worthy of the highest, and the purest, patriotism to break the spell, which may bind such a belief—to dispel the phantom, and chase it like a cloud, from the mind—and dissipate a delusion, so ominous and prejudicial to the public welfare. The purity of testimony given to such a truth, there can be no cause to question. The tribute cannot be too ample and unequivocal;—and whatever triumph attend it, we may hail without regret. For whatever objections may lie against our system, who would ever abandon it? With all its evils, who would discard it for any other form of human authority, founded on the admission of any principle, at war with the equal rights and liberty of mankind?—

It is execrable in a son of Adam, to aspire  
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming  
 Authority usurped—from God not given.  
 He gave us only over beast—fish—fowl—  
 Dominion absolute.—*That* right we hold  
 By his donation ;—but man over man  
 He made not Lord ;—such title to himself  
 Reserving—human left from human FREE.

While the theory of popular government undoubtedly presumes the prevailing rectitude of public sentiment, it makes no presumption, of which the force is not now universally acknowledged, either in the general reference to its authority, or the direct appeal to its arbitrement. It moreover makes no requisition, other than what is founded on confidence in the principle, and faith in the progress, of reason—and only demands that those, whose voice must be heard on every measure, should have a hand in its controul. It does not assume that papal infallibility, from which its protestant principle has revolted. It challenges no implicit faith ; for it exposes every thing to examination. It does not imply, that the will of any proportion of the community, however transcendant, is paramount to that invariable restriction, which principle imposes on power. It does not, of course, confound every light and transient shadow, that flies over the landscape—the mere ephemeral indications of passing events—with the solid rocks, that have been placed from eternity, and the permanent landmarks, that have been established by experience. Means are provided for rectifying its results—and poising the passions, in order to suspend the judgment, of the public. The sense of the community must have time to settle ; and

mankind may repose upon its own judgment, after some period has elapsed. The united wisdom of one age, in this respect, bears some ratio to the collected wisdom of several.—Neither does the supposition require the sacrifice of independence in regard to any subject, on which public opinion is yet to be formed, or is capable of being improved, or even changed. It requires no compromise of belief, except upon the ground of conviction ; for no man has a right to renounce any point, of which he is honestly persuaded. The right of appeal is always open, and the public ear is also. The idea requires no impracticable harmony of discordant elements ; produces no restraint upon the most wholesome freedom of difference and opposition. It is a principle, that disturbs no manly breast. It need work no abatement of an honest zeal to guide and influence public opinion upon important subjects. On the contrary, there is an encouragement, and a consolation, of the highest description, at once afforded by the reliance, which may be placed upon its polarity ; and the highest inducement is thus held out to aim to improve a standard, to the test of which all things must be brought, and all subjects submitted.—The result of this experiment upon its largest scale, thus far, warrants no just ground of concern respecting the prevalence of truth. It need inspire no fear for honest fame ; nor reasonable apprehension in respect to correct estimate of patriotic service. The experience of this whole society does not yet create any painful solicitude, in regard to the pursuit and discovery of a more practicable and unerring sanction.

Experience has certainly shown no sufficient reason to question the general aptitude of the People for self-government. When we observe the capacity, discovered by the members of society in all their concerns ; a sagacity entering into all subjects, extending to all relations, and equal to all occasions—carried also into duties of administering its authority ;—and when we observe them indiscriminately executing or aiding in all its departments, civil and judicial ;—as jurors, magistrates, legislators, governors—acting as trustees of all the interests of the community for the benefit of the public, and as guardians of all those rights, for which law was designed as security—taken continually from all classes—and returning to the general mass by the perpetual elective process—can we any longer doubt the efficacy of this great principle, which is thus receiving constant refreshment and vigour from its original fountains ?

But popular power, it is to be remembered, is moral power ; and it is of the utmost consequence, that its intellectual principle should be well informed. The safety of a state was represented by a sensible scholar of the 16th century, to depend mainly on three things : upon the proper education of the Prince—upon public teachers—and on schoolmasters. The prime object in any government is undoubtedly the education of the sovereign. In England, it was not long since an object of general concern, to provide for the education of a young princess. In proportion as the power vested in the sovereign becomes absolute, the pursuit acquires importance. With a view to improve the principles



of self-government in a state of society, that subjects every thing to its sense—in a country, where the whole sovereignty is lodged in the people—and all authority is exercised upon the strictest responsibility, to the end of its universal welfare, *the education of the whole becomes the first interest of all.*—The diffusion of knowledge becomes, therefore, the distribution of power. Where authority is appropriated for other purposes, than the general good, under any partial organization, a part is studiously educated for the government of the rest, who are deliberately left in ignorance, to support the fundamental principles of the government. The proper system of republican education should *combine* the regular course of useful elementary instruction, with that species of education, which naturally ‘results from the political order of society.’ In this manner, the moral education of *the prince*, if I may use the expression, becomes of the first importance; and it is a happy circumstance, that there is always a generation of young and fair minds springing up among the people, free from any false impressions, in proper season to assume the real reins of power, and exemplify the true principles and influence of education.

It must be obvious, that to urge the general interest of education, can be influenced by no narrow motive. It can have no insidious purpose. It pleads the cause of no party—it advocates no profession—is propitious to no predominance. It urges one of the most important interests of society. It argues on behalf of its order and comfort, its present and future good; and

opens the most ample field to its fairest claims and prospects. Its cause involves the purest objects of benevolence ; its concern affects the highest aspirations of virtue and piety ; and its interest touches some of the noblest and tenderest springs of our nature ;—the affection of the parent for his children ;—the zeal of the patriot for his country ;—the ardour of the philanthropist for his kind. With its success is identified almost every rational hope of the future welfare of our race ; extending to the suppression of the most fruitful causes of vice and misery—and embracing the widest spread of peace and happiness beneath the cope of heaven.

‘Grateful,—as I am,’—were the last words of that wonderful genius, who has left the mysterious shadow of a mighty name,—‘to that good being, whose bounty has imparted to me this reasoning faculty, whatever it is, I hold myself proportionally indebted to him, from whose enlightened understanding, another ray of knowledge communicates to mine. But neither should I think the most exalted faculties of the human mind a gift worthy of the divinity, nor any assistance in the improvement of them a subject of gratitude to my fellow creature, if I were not satisfied, that really to inform the understanding, corrects and enlarges the heart !’

Moral power rests upon the only sure and solid basis of right and justice. Under a political dispensation, where the responsibility falls, without relief, upon the people, if the dictates of eternal justice are violated, the consequences of retributive justice may be assur-

ed to follow. Justice is one of the first duties of a republic ; it is the corner-stone of the Temple of Liberty ; and it is a virtue, not among the least, exposed to violation. Aristides was banished by a republic, from jealousy of the very name ; and its ancient policy was undoubtedly apt to nourish a spirit pernicious to the principle.

Party may unquestionably be salutary, if its end be public and its spirit patriotic ; since more may be accomplished by combined, systematic exertions, than can be effected by irregular and distracted efforts.—But the greatest good, it is equally obvious, can only be attained by the united and hearty exertions of the whole mass of the community. Party, in such a point of view, may be regarded as a simple expedient for mutilating the state of a measure of its force ;—for paralyzing one side of its power,—depriving the country of a portion of its effective strength for the promotion of its great objects.—There were always, it is said, two parties in Carthage—one for peace, and the other for war ;—the consequence was, that Carthage never enjoyed the full advantage of peace or war.—Certain prejudices are represented to prevail in more early periods of society, which are supposed to be beneficial to its welfare ; but which gradually lose their influence, and would probably disappear entirely, if it were not found convenient to prolong their existence, as a source of authority over the multitude.—The virtue of the people is undoubtedly proved, in supporting parties, so long as they are salutary, and in suppressing them, whenever they are nuisances ;—in cherishing

them, while they are founded and conducted on principle ; and in ceasing to sustain them, when their differences are extinguished, or their forms are only preserved for selfish or factious purposes. The constitution, it is evident, was not designed to systematize a perpetual organization of parties.

It is true, that the history of parties in this country, is coeval with the origin, and connected with the progress, of our political institutions. And while they have even left their foot-prints upon the foundations, and impressed their relief upon the strong features, of the federal structure, they have at the same time been mild in their type and complexion beyond all recorded example. Ancient or modern history affords no comparison. They are stained by no marks of blood or violence ;—they revive the memory of no proscriptions nor massacres ;—nor can they be deliberately accused of using their predominance with positive cruelty or oppression. The moral character of our population has moderated the natural consequences of civil dissension. If parties may not be permitted to make pretension to generosity, they may properly be allowed to appeal to the unquestionable proofs of their purity ; and while they point to the lofty and durable monuments of their patriotism, justly plead the influence of extraordinary causes, in vindication against any erroneous imputations. By the theory of our government long ago pronounced, the people themselves are of no party. And it is quite true, that some of our most national institutions are the work of ‘joint counsels and confederate patriotism.’



The most eloquent spirit of the age is justice. That spirit is strongly opposed to all political orders, privileges and dominations. It is distinguished by an aversion to despotism under every form, and to monopoly in every shape ; from the most simple and obvious examples of those systems in Europe, to a virtual establishment under any popular designation in America. An open persuasion prevails abroad, of the impolicy of seeking to secure any measure of public good apart from the whole of the people—of raising any exclusive advantage upon the depression of any general concern of the community ; or even pushing a legitimate interest at disproportionate expense or sacrifice.—An invincible repugnance exists in the breast of the nation against cherishing any project incompatible with the designs of the compact, or any sentiment inconsistent with the principles of the union. All the true interests of society stand on the same footing, in perfect consistency with each other, and in unison with the greatest product of general prosperity. Hence an augmented appreciation of the value of our common patrimony ; and an increasing opinion of the essential injury of suffering the inheritance to be engrossed, or of permitting any portion of society to make use of its forms against its spirit.—Hence the deliberate judgment of the community against any unwarrantable appropriation of the blessings of social order—or of setting apart any portion from the general mass of honour and happiness belonging to the community, instead of opening the career of public service to an useful and generous strife of competition and emula-

tion, and spreading out the highest and most animating inducements. Let there be added, a deep reprobation of the gross injustice of all odious political imputation, repugnant to the innate principles of moral rectitude, and revolting to the most virtuous feelings of mankind. *Think you those, upon whom the Tower of Siloam fell,—or those, whose blood Pilate mingled in their sacrifices—were sinners above all the Galileans?—* Again add—a stern, indignant rebuke of all attempts to affect the fame of national benefactors ; disturbing the heaps, which affection has raised over their remains—or defacing the monuments, which gratitude has erected to their memory;—opening the wounds, which the hand of time has gently healed—desecrating the virtues, it has cherished—or violating its benevolent amnesty and oblivion. In opposition to all such unhallowed purposes and passions, a different spirit—tolerant, liberal, catholic, has prevailed. Our republican system might indeed be deemed to have failed most ominously in the outset, if it had proved incapable of subduing the morbid remains of a malignant spirit.—And this triumphant vindication of its moral sense is reviving to a rational confidence in its fundamental principles.

We are warranted to repose upon the wholesome operation of public opinion. Its progressive influence appears like vegetation upon the surface, after it has been working and striking its shoots deep into the soil. Its seeds exist in the ground, long before its productions are sent forth. It commences in the primary and internal principles of society ; proceeding silently,

ascending steadily, up, invigorating the stock and entering with life into the branches. A change of this description exists in fact, before it is announced. Its light advances like the day, which first begins to illumine the highest tops, until it warms and fertilizes the earth and calls forth all its powers and luxuriance.— Its influence is disseminated through the great mass of public sentiment, until it thoroughly pervades the whole body of the community. Its changes often anticipate the sagacity of political wisdom ; they grow out of each other, in some manner, like the seasons ; and when we cannot divine their sources, we may still distinguish their sounds. Too mighty to be attributed to the mere prophetic chants, by which they may be preluded, their auguries may be discerned in the most angry aspect of the elements—the bow is bent in the clouds—and the pause, the peace, that follow, have all the serene and potent influence of a charm.

Within the experience of this nation, three revolutions have already occurred—the first political—the second civil—and the third moral—the last embracing whatever was salutary and valuable in the two former. The evidence of this last auspicious change, which has been proclaimed by the most distinguished organs of the community, is fresh in the abatement of political strife, and the improvement of public feeling ; and in the universal direction of public spirit to public objects. It is proclaimed in popular assemblies—in public bodies—in the national legislature, where no addresses are regarded, except those which concern the interest of the community ;—in its general determination

against the importance of any other securities, than those, that are required for the public good ;—or of maintaining any political ascendancy, paramount to the supreme constitutional law. It is proclaimed in the broad appeal, on the recent national occasion, to general considerations ;—in the harmonious and patriotic character of the result. It is proclaimed in the tone of society—in the peace and the order of the community ;—in the prosperity of the nation.

America is always alive to the obligations of justice. Its feeling has been freshly redeemed towards a foreigner. It has been fulfilled in relation to the father of his country. Shall it not be vindicated against every reproach ?—Rome saw her Ciceros sink beneath the daggers of assassins. But it was in her expiring days. She suffered her Scipios to canvass in vain for her confidence. She even banished them from her bosom ;—but she was ever eager to do justice to their virtues ; and paid a faithful tribute to their memory. It is not the failing of this country to forget its benefactors. It has pensioned its poor soldiers ; and has pillowed the declining days of its military heroes. It will leave no deed undone to the last of its revolutionary worthies. Least of all is it the fashion of those, that descended from Plymouth, to forget the rock, that begat their piety. New-England will never forsake the stock of the pilgrims. She has always cherished the will to do, and honoured the soul to dare, and revered that hardihood of antiquity, which distinguish their descendants. While she has never been unjust—while she has ever accorded a liberal mea-



sure of justice, to those favoured sons of the nation, whom she had not the privilege to call her own,—she will not be found wanting in self-respect. Neither will the country refuse to render the equal meed of merited justice to all of those eminent individuals, who have administered the government with patriotism, and having departed from power with purity, become the patriarchs of the community.—Never will a great and magnanimous nation be unmindful of that dauntless zeal and courage—that power in debate—and ardour in action—energy at home—activity abroad—which inspired such life and vigour into the soul of the revolution. Let a not ungrateful people venerate the individual—who, transported by no false enthusiasm, saw, with a prophetic eye, all the blood and toil and treasure it would cost to maintain the declaration of independence ; but who thought the end well worthy of all the means ;—who, through the gloom, beheld the rays of light and glory, and anticipated its glorious consummation, from one end of this great continent to the other—from that time, forward, and forever. To this venerable individual, who has outlived almost all his contemporaries, and almost lived out his century, the angel of his country still shews to him AMERICA—a mere speck in the west, when this action was fought, serving only to amuse the world with savage stories—outstripping the most sanguine anticipations of his youth—and becoming the attraction—the admiration, and the envy of the world.—‘Fortunate man, he has lived to see it ! Fortunate indeed, he sees nothing to cloud the setting of his day !’

While we felicitate ourselves on the faculty of self-government, and on the power, which the country possesses to do justice to its benefactors, let the country likewise be just to itself. There is no power, to which a people is not competent, that is really requisite for its welfare. There is at least no faculty, which a nation does not possess, to promote its own prosperity, consistent with the principles of public law and eternal justice. There is no form, which so fully develops the dignity of human nature, as the democratic. There is no system, which so soon brings home its sanctions ;—none, which requires so complete a prostration of all partial objects—so entire a devotion to its radical principles—in order to bring out its essential perfections.

In the posture, that we are placed, as the mother republic—in the circumstances, under which we are placed, in the present condition of mankind—in the circumstances, under which we are placed in relation to ourselves, a duty is demanded of us—demanding all our efforts to accomplish ; and which can only be discharged by the most rigid and faithful regard to the fundamental principles of our association.—Be it ours then to send a searching spirit into these circumstances ;—and consult those lively oracles of nature, which afford us at the same time the most profound suggestions of political wisdom. We have great interests to be consulted—with which those of the world, as it now stands—and of generations to arise—are linked. We have connections with Europe, where we have long carried on an advantageous commerce ; send-

ing out our staples and principles, and importing their fabrics and letters. We have relations to all times ; and as we proceed to manipulate our own intellectual and economical products, we have an increasing character to sustain—and a higher cast, not to be forfeited.

We are all pursuing the same great ends : and intellect is darting its vivifying rays into every subject. We are commanded well and wisely to consider our own situation—to consider our condition, as its own greatest innovator—to keep a steady eye to the true ends of our political existence—and while we accompany antiquity to, extend the spirit of improvement also to the foot of, the very altar. We are to hold nothing as sacred, but the true interests of society, and those institutions, the usefulness of which has been established to human happiness,—or attested by the consecrating sanctions of religion ;—and resort to the sacred repository of religion itself, not for the dark and portentous arcana of state policy, but for those transcendant sanctions, which it supplies to establish those obligations, which form the basis of all order.—As it regards the rest, let the rule—and the only rule be—how to attain the highest possible good—and obviate the utmost avoidable evil.—Over the porch, by which we enter the temple of our national liberty—over the avenues, which lead to all its spacious apartments—over the ever open hall of legislation—as well as the adjacent chambers of jurisprudence, let the fearless inscription meet the eye—

Be bold ! Be bold ! And every where, BE BOLD !

BE NOT TOO BOLD !



Let it become an important object to raise the tone of public sentiment ; and elevate the dignity of democratic institutions ; improve the rule of social duty and exalt the scale of national excellence. Let us clear the great streams of national prosperity. Let no faculty be denied to the government, which is granted by the constitution ;—let it be left to be used with discretion, regulated by responsibility. Let it likewise be felt, that some inference arises in favour of a power, which is attested by an important public benefit. While it will not be forgotten, that in order to guard their own rights against infraction, the people have invested their public agents with only limited faculties to promote the great ends of government, a conclusion, resulting from their long and universal approbation of an actual authority, should not be unregarded.—And again—if a great national concern, which has been generally provided for in our constitutional scheme, acquires a new importance in the progress of public economy—or a new region itself arise beneath the broad canopy of the union, with interests, for which it had no original opportunity to stipulate—are we at liberty to attribute a prophetic spirit to those general provisions, which respect the public welfare, and to regard the system itself, as expanding with the exigencies of the union ? Shall an austere rule rebuke the true spirit of patriotic policy—uncontrolled by a commanding obligation to supply any chasm, which was not contemplated in the constitution ? Shall we still ‘rock the grown man in the cradle of the infant ?’



'There is the more reason for demanding this strict justice to ourselves, until a more ample measure shall be accorded to us by the almoners of the old world. We, Americans, are accused, of anticipation. We are reproached with our propensity to look forward. Be it so ! We have no occasion to look back—upon a history, stained with crimes. Nor are we reduced to resort to the future—to relieve the sterility of the past. We have no long measure of time, to make up in this manner ;—no long track of chronology to redeem, from darkness, and from barbarism. No boast of heraldry can be borne against us by Norroy or Clarendieux to signalize our defection from that ethereal principle—whose brilliant orb,

' Though bent on empty space—beams keen with honour !'

We are not compelled to look to the past for consolation from the present ; nor even confined to the whole field of the present, for the full scope of our national power and greatness. We have no occasion to resort, like Rienzi, to the ruins of Rome, to refresh our enthusiasm for the Republic.—Our Sweet Auburn is not visible in the deserted village ; but is spreading throughout the beautiful savannas of the boundless western wilderness. We are a fresh, and a free people. A crescent spans the brow of the country, in the eyes of the world ;—and a star glitters in the forehead of the nation !—We rejoice, like a strong man to run a race. We rejoice, like the sun, going forth from his chambers ;—like the stream, descending from these mountains, and measuring its track toward the ocean.

It was once the boast of Spain—after the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro—that the sun never set in her dominions. But there are heights in our northern—as well as lights in the southern, hemisphere—that were never seen in Europe. Among the new constellations, that are rising in that region, Liberty has begun to describe her celestial path in the original Empire of the Sun. The thrones and principalities of the old world shall perish. But these shall remain!

“ We hear a voice, they cannot hear !

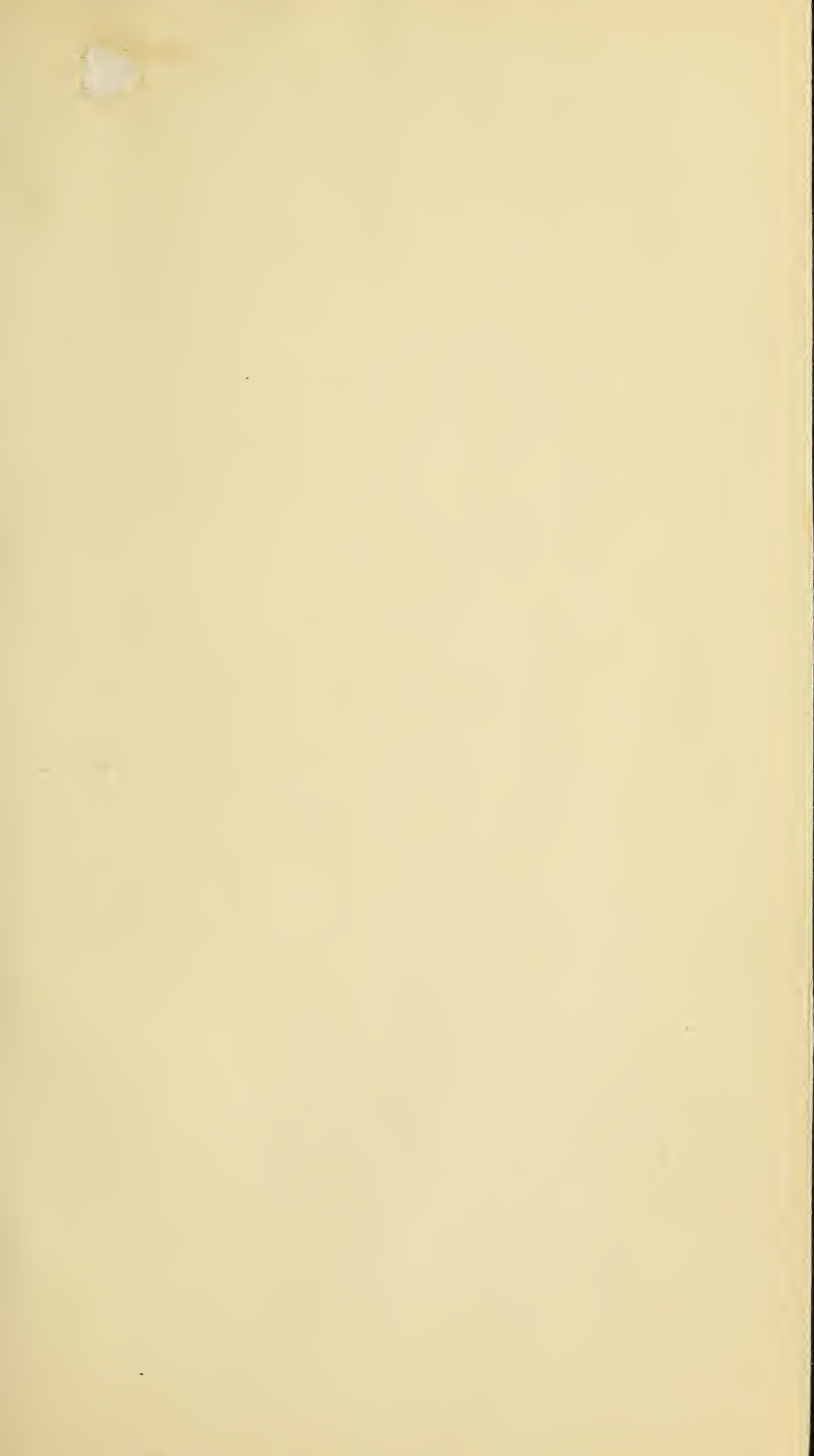
“ We see a hand, they cannot see—”

We follow—where it waves us on—in the humble, but enthusiastic hope, of a happy immortality for our illustrious benefactors ;—and of glory and felicity for the nation.

We profess not to have arrived at maturity. To test the truth of *our* principles, *we are obliged* to go forward ;—to anticipate the progress of time, and the operation of their causes on futurity.—To test the truth of our principles, *let us go forward* ! Let us advance the space of a single century. When, if we are true to our principles, and those, that shall come after us, shall prove true to our examples, we shall have redeemed ourselves from the reproach, of living in, and for, posterity !

Let us be just then to our posterity, as well as to ourselves :—And if there be any intrinsic truth in these sentiments, let them derive some impressive interest from the occasion, which they cannot owe to their utterance—from regard to that responsibility, to which we shall not be sensible—when we shall be as silent,

as those, whose pulses throbbed at least as high as ours on this eventful epoch.—The moon, whose fading rays lighted the footsteps of that retiring fragment from this interesting scene, on that occasion, was called, by the natives of this continent, the *moon of flowers*. The flower, which shuts this evening—blows but once a century.—In the room of going back then—let us now advance along that interval. Let us array before us—or rather array ourselves before—those, who shall come after us.—Come then, ye future ages of America!—spirits, that are yet to be;—those, that may occupy this spot, when this period returns! Sit in judgment on the present generation—call us to account for our privileges; and demand of us to discharge our trust! And let the voice of those, that have gone before us, and led the forlorn hope of our national existence, rise in our ears and press on our hearts.—By the blood shed for our deliverance—by the tears, with which our freedom was baptized—by the agony of patriotism in the strife for independence—by the glorious and imperishable cause, in which we are all concerned—be just to yourselves—be true to your principles—be faithful to posterity!















Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: March 2010

**PreservationTechnologies**

**A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION**

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 024 428 945 9

